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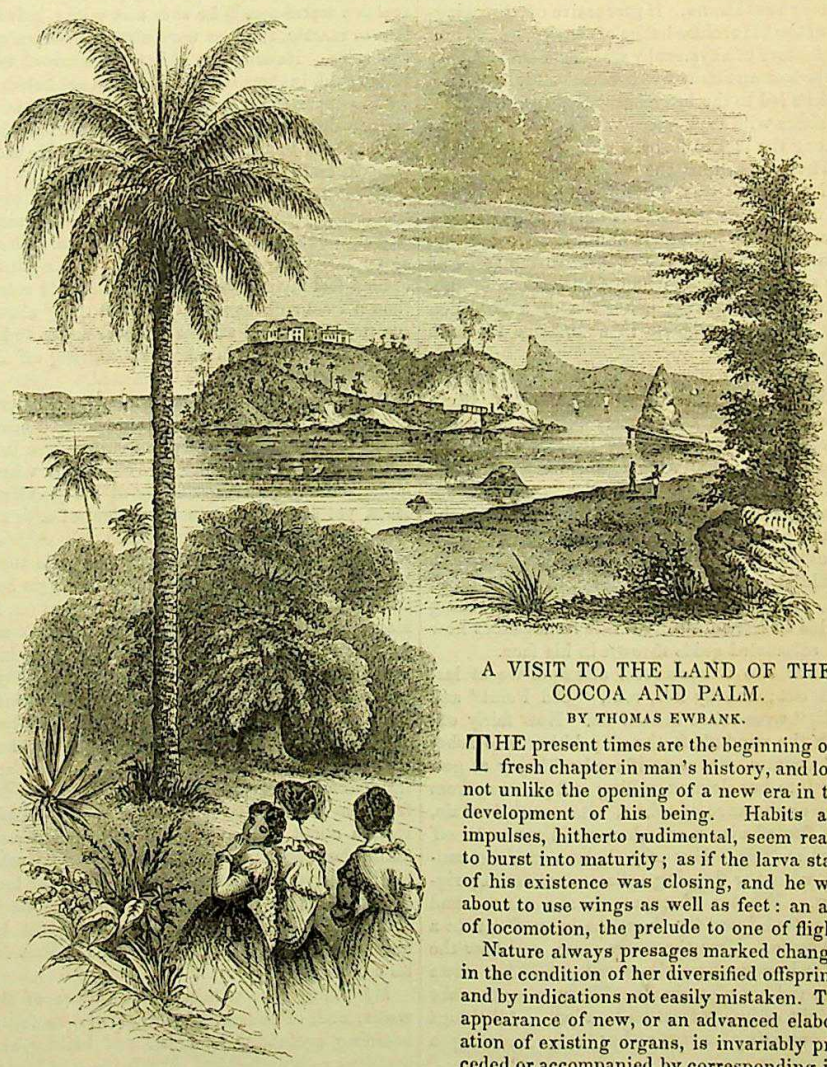


BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

A VISIT TO THE LAND OF THE COCOA AND PALM.

BY THOMAS EWBANK.

THE present times are the beginning of a fresh chapter in man's history, and look not unlike the opening of a new era in the development of his being. Habits and impulses, hitherto rudimental, seem ready to burst into maturity; as if the larva state of his existence was closing, and he was about to use wings as well as feet: an age of locomotion, the prelude to one of flight.

Nature always presages marked changes in the condition of her diversified offspring, and by indications not easily mistaken. The appearance of new, or an advanced elaboration of existing organs, is invariably preceded or accompanied by corresponding instincts. An insect is no sooner fitted for ac-

tion in an element different from that in which its previous constitution delighted, than it finds itself impelled to the exercise of newly-born powers, and sets out in quest of untasted pleasures. The phenomenon of metamorphosis is common to every form of life: it merely varies in its manifestations. Man is but an aspiring insect, and the addition of instruments of flight would scarcely surpass in novelty transformations which the species, according to some authors, has already undergone.

As on the approach of migratory seasons in lower tribes, a general restlessness pervades society. Classes and masses hitherto inert, are beginning to move and to flutter, agitated by some latent influences. Such facts the world never before witnessed to as great an extent as at the present time. What it forebodes heaven best knows. If precursive of a breaking-up of the old recluse habits of the species, and introductory of a system by which distant branches of the human family will become better known to, and be led to the interchange of sentiments and civilities with each other, who would wish to be among the last to feel the generous impulse?

These questions the writer put to himself; and the result was, a determination to cast off, for a while, the instincts of home, and hie away to a region of butterflies and flowers. Inclination led him across the equator to the verge of the southern tropic, where a succession of novelties in the moving panorama of a Brazilian city, supplied subjects in abundance for both pen and pencil.

Engaging passage in a New York trader, which filled up her cargo with flour at Richmond, we spent the greater part of a tedious week in descending James River to Hampton Roads, where we were again weather-bound. This detention made heavy drafts on the captain's patience; and, at length, he swore he would pass Cape Henry before night, let what would happen. A pretty piece of blasphemy this would have been in a mariner of the olden time; but, alas for Neptune, instead of bulls reeking on his altars, he receives little from sailors now but exhausted quids thrown in his face.

After two unsuccessful attempts we at last beat out; and by five, P.M., "Old Point" and "Rip" were miles behind us. Now fairly off, with the wind abaft, the ship hitherto so sober and demure, moves as if mad with joy at getting into her element, rolling and pitching from pure exuberance of spirits. A stranded whale, just floated over a sand-bar, could not make off more merrily. Her very timbers creak in concert with the flapping sails and whistling rigging. What a change. If she minced and minuetted down the river, she is leaving it in a gallopade. How the ocean roars, and how the water hisses where she cuts it, as if her bows were red-hot plowshares. She's going to make a night of it—to treat us to a ball. All things are preparing for one, and not a few have begun rehearsing.

The captain, as master of the ceremonies, dressed early. Retiring after dinner, in citizen's dress, he emerged a perfect sea-beau. I did not recognize him, and was on the point of asking who the stranger was, when he announced himself, *viva voce*. A glazed hat, with a hemispherical crown, covered his head: the wide and flexile brim was drawn at two opposite points close to his florid cheeks by spun-yarn ribbons, tied in a slip-knot under the chin. An oil-skin coat, or cloak, or shirt—it had properties belonging to all three—reached from his throat to his ankles. Of the color of beeswax, it was not more supple than stiff paper; the upright collar embraced his neck, and was made to hug it close by a band cut from the same web as the hat-strings. But, in his opinion, the choicest portion of his costume were his French boots. Purchased in Havre, they were the only real sea water-proofs he ever met with; inflexible as marble, the legs were almost as thick as the soles. Raising his skirts, he showed his knees sunk in them with scollops cut out behind. I had supposed nothing rigid should be about a sailor's dress, and I could not perceive how in such things he could act the skipper. He did, though, and in fine style.

Night is fast letting down her curtain, and the lamps above are kindling; but I am sick already of the evening's entertainments. They agree not with my head or legs, and against them I feel my stomach rising. The taste more than a feast suffices; but the worst thing about sea revels is that, however desirous one is to be excused, no excuse is taken, no begging off allowed, no "not at homes" admitted.

It is impossible to convey to one who never left the land, an adequate idea of the distresses of a sea-sick voyage. But let such a one imagine a person approaching the ocean and when launched upon it, half-smiling at his previous fears, yet sensible, while he smiles, of a *je ne sais quoi* sensation flitting about his epigastrium; so very slight, however, that he tells himself it is mere imagination. A struggle between this new feeling and his fears goes on, it may be for an hour or two, when there is no mistaking either. He now no longer rules his inner or his outer being; his faculties are flying, and his feet forsaking him. Creation reels. He looks out, and lo! the earth has left her orbit, and the heavens are rushing with her into chaos. His nature seems dissolving; electric halos play round his bursting eye-balls; he feels the sutures of his cranium open, and his viscera about to leave him. His soul seems taking her departure. Suppose the victim seeks his bed (beyond question the best place for him in such weather as this), yet even there he is rolled and tossed, jerked and shaken till he becomes indifferent to life, and even wishes for its extinction.

My pillow was within a few inches of the water, and, of course, I heard as well as felt it booming against the planks, and boiling and gurgling as it rushed by. While ideas of foundering, running on rocks, or against some other

vessels, were invading me, there came suddenly such a blow, somewhere beneath me, as made the vessel stop and fairly spin again. Shaken by the jar, I involuntarily shouted, "What is that?" But a Stentor's voice could not at that time have been heard on deck. The shock was so short, sharp, and tremendous, that I knew not to what to attribute it, except that the hull had been struck by the fluke of a whale. These creatures have crushed in ships' timbers; what if some sound or rotten plank had been knocked off, and I was about to drop unseen into the abyss? Then I thought of sword-fishes plunging their weapons clear through the sides of vessels —what if one should transfix me here? "Well," I said, "such a death is preferable to sinking slowly down among marine monsters, that would tear one asunder, and fight over one's disjointed limbs before sensation left them. Of the two kinds of death give me the quickest.

As if taken at my word, there came another shock close to where I lay, that made the ship and all within her shiver. She could not have been more stunned if the blow had come from a battering-ram. It was succeeded by others during the night; and not till morning did I learn that they were indeed blows from water-rams—huge waves snapping directly under and against her.

We dashed across the Gulf-stream, from which steam was issuing as from a boiling cauldron: its temperature increasing as we approached its central or main current. In four hours the temperature rose six degrees. On the fourth day we passed within 120 miles of Bermuda.

Could the complexity and infinity of curves one's person is compelled to go through, be transferred to paper, they would convey to landsmen a better idea than could otherwise be imparted of the pitchings, swings, and shakes sea-farers undergo; of the intricate and erratic lines their heads unceasingly trace in air. It would excite surprise that the brains of many are not addled.

Standing close to the main-mast and looking up, its topmost extremity is seen to sweep from star to star, or cloud to cloud, tracing in the firmament diagrams that truly mark the vessel's movements. To imitate this would serve the purpose; and the barometer, freely suspended on gimbals, with a heavy mass of mercury at its bottom, suggested the ready means. Its top reached nearly to a level with the top of the beams of the cabin-roof under the skylight. This was removed, and a pencil (point upward) fixed to the instrument, six or seven inches from the points of suspension. An edge of a letter-sheet pressed firmly upon one of the two beams between which the pencil was, and the opposite edge borne gently down to bring and keep the under surface and central parts of the paper in easy contact with the moving style, was all that was necessary to obtain a faithful chart of the vessel's motions—except her progressive one.

The paper supplied the place of the firmament, and the pencil acted the part of the mast (though in point of fact the operation was reversed). The action of the point was, of course, distinctly seen on the upper surface of the paper as the diagrams progressed on the underside. The slightest lurch or pitch, and every variation from the perpendicular which the vessel's deck underwent, were thus accurately delineated and recorded; their direction and relative extent also. The subjoined are specimens from scores taken during the voyage. B denotes the bows of the vessel; E, the stern; L, her larboard;

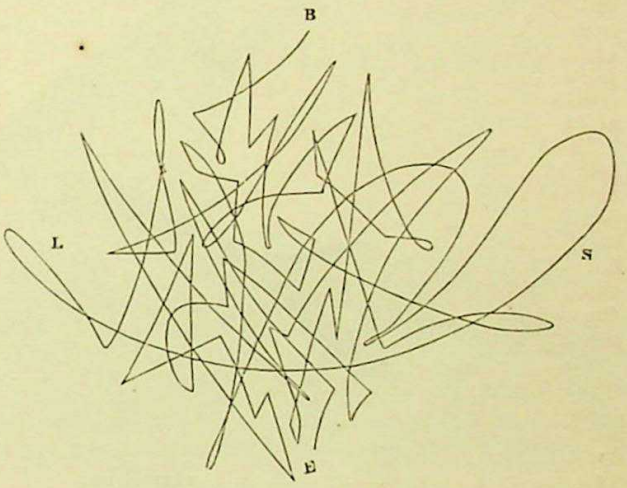


DIAGRAM OF SHIP'S MOVEMENTS.

and S, her starboard sides. They were taken in fine weather. The time the pencil was in contact with the paper, from twenty to thirty

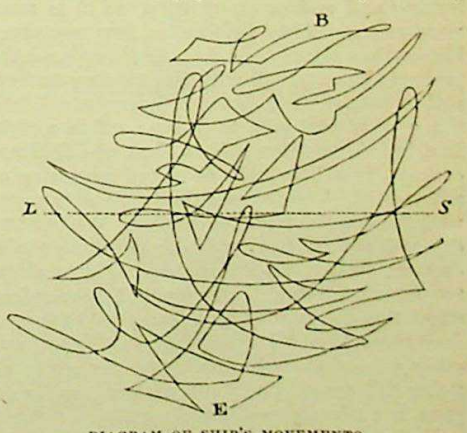


DIAGRAM OF SHIP'S MOVEMENTS.

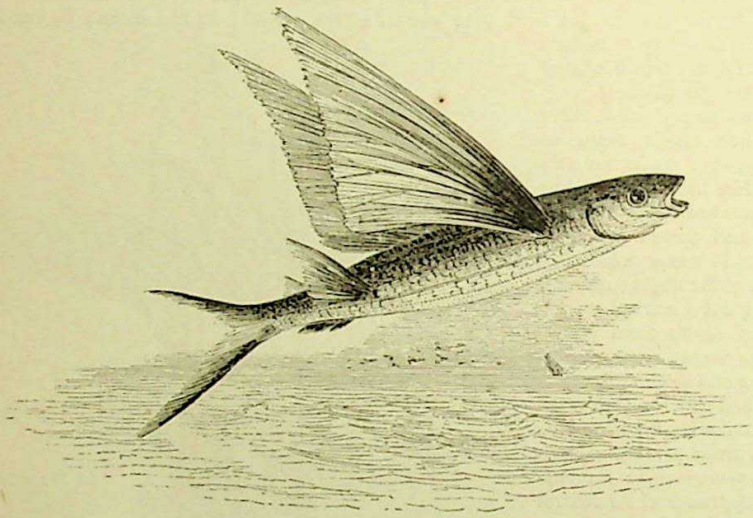
seconds. When the time was prolonged the lines became too much involved to be traced without difficulty. The pencil first touched the

paper at B, and left it at E. All deviations from a vertical line, indicate rolling or lurching; while the horizontal ones show the rising and falling of her bows and stern. The lines generally are made up of pitching and rolling. There is but one decided roll in the first figure.

Such are the motions of a ship in even moderate weather, while the changes in them are endless and infinite. Through eternity no two diagrams could be found alike; and yet to the motions represented by them every individual on board must conform to preserve his centre of gravity over that of motion—to keep his head above his feet. If it ever become worth while to underwriters, vessels could be made to register every strain they may be subjected to, and every deviation from an even keel in sailing. A roll of paper unfolding, as in the electric telegraph, has only to be adapted to a pencil properly suspended.

During a part of the voyage I slept in a cot, suspended from the cabin ceiling; and out of curiosity attached to it a pencil whose point acted on a yielding sheet of pasteboard. Some of the diagrams differed little from the second figure on the preceding page.

While crossing the "flying-fish latitudes," those pretty creatures afforded matter of pleasing interest. Few nights passed or evenings closed in without some coming aboard, allured by the cabin lights. The figure is a portrait of one of the visitors.



FLYING-FISH.

Flocks of from twenty to two hundred spring up as the ship plows in among them. They seem to take the air for pleasure, as well as to escape danger; groups and individuals being observed leaping and making short trips, as if in mere wantonness. They fly low, seldom mounting higher than six or eight feet, but they have the power to rise and fall with the heaving surface, and to change their direction laterally. While the greater part of a flock goes off in a right line, individuals turn aside and pursue different courses, just like birds disturbed in a rice or wheat-field. The distance they pass over varies with the impulse that rouses them. While some descend not far from you, others, more timid, dart far away. Their ordinary flight is about two hundred feet, but some proceed three or four times that distance. I have seen single fish pass over three hundred yards. Kirby, Roget, and other naturalists, who teach that the wings of flying-fish are only buoyant, not progressive organs, are mistaken—decidedly so.

But no sight interested me more than some superb oceanic skies, which at one part of the voyage were so rich and transcendently glorious as to excite the admiration of both skipper and crew. It was the introduction of a new pigment, so to speak, on the solar pallet that wrought this wonder. It was a rich cream-color which now overpowered and gave tone to the celestial landscapes. At and after sunset, for several days, appeared panoramic paintings, to which no human pencil could approximate, nor could human pen portray half their beauties. I thought they might be named "Quaker Skies," for here the heavens in their loveliest costume not only sanction, but adopt the very hues preferred by pretty sisters of the sect. Did George Fox, William Penn, or other voyaging patriarchs of the Friends, while on missions over seas, obtain their canonical colors immediately from above? Did they catch the idea and inspiration literally from the clouds?

The atmosphere at this time was surcharged with "African sand," or "Sirocco dust," from which Ehrenberg has obtained such interesting results. It accumulated on the sails until some appeared as if they had received a coat of yellow ochre, or pale brick-colored paint, and to it the predominance of the cream-color in the celestial scenery was due.

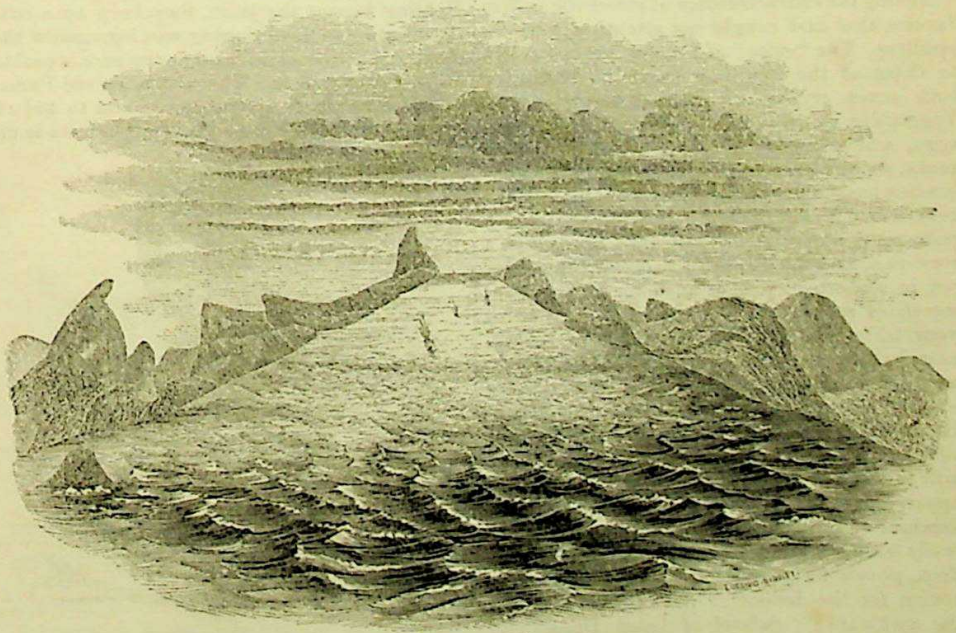
As matter of amusement, our progress to the

equator was daily measured by a two-foot rule. Suspending it by a thread on deck at noon, its shadow gradually grew shorter, and, like our own, became at length reduced to nothing. Did the Oriental greeting, "May your shadow never be less!" mean, "May you never leave home?" or does it allude to man in sickness, as a prostrated gnomon, and in the grave to a buried one? Possibly, it had reference to breadth as well as length; for people of the East had rather be fat than tall.

The thirty-seventh day out closed with a night as serenely beautiful as ever elicited admiration from or kindled devotion in a patriarch's breast. It was as mild as an evening in heaven. Myriads of orbs in undimmed radiance shone above, while cooling zephyrs delightfully wafted us onward. The horizon, shifting imperceptibly as we neared it, wooed us forward, and happily concealed the liquid immensity upon which we floated. In the larger planets, how much more extensive must be views at sea—how much more capacious their celestial canopies! Treading the deck on such a night as this, it is impossible not to forget the petty grovelings and selfishnesses of life in the awful grandeur of the scene, or not to feel a relationship between us and the inhabitants of the worlds in sight. For my part, I can not but believe that at this very moment navigators are crossing oceans in yonder spheres, bearing, like us, the products of one clime to another, and serving as a bond of brotherhood to peoples in districts the most remote. Sailors and Trades in other worlds? Yes, why not. Physical beings must have physical employments, and wherever variety is the law of mind and of matter, diversity of pursuits must follow. For every type of genius and class of intellects, congenial theatres of exertion are undoubtedly provided.

The idea of navigation is singularly apposite to the heavens, and is suggested by them. What are all those floating orbs but ships of the Almighty Merchant, ranged in fleets, loaded with passengers and provisions, varying in their tonnage, courses, distances, and speed—in their freights, accommodations, and destinations? Why has God launched us in the same ocean, given us powers of vision to perceive, and intellects to comprehend their magnitudes, densities, and movements, if not to accustom us to look out of our own small bark upon them, and to identify it as one of them? Why else has he implanted in us desires to know something about those who are sailing in them? As they and we are children of the same parent, how natural the desire to become acquainted with them as our brethren! Seamen are glad to recognize vessels belonging to the same port or country with themselves, and, when too distant for verbal communication, with what alacrity they run up their flags! Now it is but an extension of the same social principle that leads us to inquire after those who, embarked on other planets, belong to the same owner and fleet with ourselves. Is it not an innocent wish to have a peep into their vessels and know how they do? or to exchange signals with them—and, if possible, with those sailing in more distant parts of the same ocean?

Then we might extend our thoughts to yonder nebulæ, the ship-yards of God, according to some philosophers, where vessels are in the early stages of construction. Some barely framed, others just coming into form; and others more advanced, but not prepared for passengers, be-



THE APPROACH TO RIO DE JANEIRO.

cause not yet provisioned. Oh! for the removal of another film from the mind's eye, that we might draw nearer to the Divine Builder, and more clearly contemplate his doings! But hold! Were the screen withdrawn we should possibly become dissatisfied with and unfitted for our duties here. Enough is shown to make us scorn ourselves for neglecting kindred themes within our reach for the paltry and sordid pursuits that too generally absorb us.

The forty-second day out, we descried Cape Frio, the first land seen, hardly to be distinguished from clouds; and before night we anchored within twelve or fifteen miles of Rio Janeiro harbor, where the temperature of the sea was 64°—sixteen degrees less than it was in the morning, when we were 150 miles from land.

If the reader would like to behold the general outlines of the famous marine gateway of the Brazilian capital, he can see it on the previous page, as taken from the ship's deck.

A wide opening between two mountain walls that rapidly converge to a narrow space at the distant apex where the water meets the sky, and where the left wall terminates in a conical mass—the famous "Sugar-Loaf." Behind the extremity of the same wall rises the not less celebrated "Corcovado." This opening into the port of Rio Janeiro is so clearly defined, that there is no mistaking it, and is so easy of access at all seasons that pilots are unknown. Every skipper, foreign and native, runs his own craft in and out.

Here we are in the capital of the "the Land of the Cocoa and Palm." The voyage is over, and a new world is opened to us. Let us take a stroll through its busy mart, and observe its social physiognomy.

Among the characteristics of street-life in Rio Janeiro that first caught my attention were its peddlers. The "cries" of London are bagatelles to those of the Brazilian capital. Slaves of both sexes cry wares through every street. Vegetables, flowers, fruits, edible roots, fowls, eggs, and every rural product; cakes, pies, rusks, *doces*, confectionary, bacon, and other delicacies pass your windows continually. Your cook wants a skillet, and, hark! the signal of a pedestrian copper-smith is heard; his bell is a stew-pan, and the clapper a hammer. A water-pot is shattered; in half an hour a moringue-merchant approaches. You wish to replenish your table-furniture with fresh sets of knives, new-fashioned tumblers, decanters, and plates, and, peradventure, a cruet, with a few articles of silver. Well! you need not want them long. If cases of cutlery, of glass-ware, china, and silver have not already passed the door, they will appear anon. So of every article of female apparel from a silk-dress or shawl to a handkerchief and a paper of pins! Shoes, bonnets ready trimmed, fancy jewelry, toy-books for children, novels for young folks, and works of devotion for the devout; "Art of Dancing" for the awkward; "School of Good Dress" for the young; "Manual of Politeness" for boors; "Young Ladies' Oracle;" "Language of Flowers;" "Holy Reliquaries;" "Miracles of Saints," and "A Sermon in Honor of Bacchus;"—these things and a thousand others are hawked about daily.

Vegetables, &c., are borne in open baskets;

BEARER OF VEGETABLES.

fowls, in covered ones; pies, confectionary, and kindred matters, are carried on the head in large tin chests, on which the owners' names and address are painted. Dry-goods, jewelry, and fancy wares upon portable counters, or tables, with glass-cases fixed on them. These are very numerous.

Proprietors accompany silver-ware, silks, and also bread, for blacks are not allowed to touch the latter. When a customer calls, the slave brings his load, puts it down, and stands by till the owner delivers the articles wanted. The signal of dry-goods venders is made by the yard-stick, which is jointed like a two-foot rule. Holding it near the joint, they keep up a continual snapping by bringing one leg against the other. The Brazilian yard is the *vara*, equal to 43⅓ inches English. The *covado*, an old Portuguese measure, is also in use, equal to 28¼ of our inches—hence the *vara* of the streets is di-

BEARER OF POULTRY

vided unequally, the long leg being a *covado*. These are the only measures used by shopkeepers in Brazil. Fine goods, such as silks, lawns, crapes, and the like, are sold by the *covado*, and others by the *vara*.

PEDDLERS OF DRY-GOODS.

Young Minas and Mozambiques are the most numerous, and are reputed to be the smartest of *marchandes*. Many a one has an infant added to her load: she secures it at her back by a wide piece of check wound round her waist. Between the cloth and her body it nestles and sleeps; and when awake, inquisitively peeps abroad, like an unfledged swallow peering over the edge of its nest. To protect her babe from the sun, she suspends a yard of calico at the rear end of the case on her head: this serves as

FRUIT-BEARERS.

a screen, and from its motions, acts somewhat as a fan. Dealers often solace themselves with lighter companions—paper cigars—which, when called to display their wares, are disposed of in a curious place. One of these gentlemen, with a strangely miscellaneous stock, was called into the passage to-day. He had combs, soaps, needles, perfumes, inks, quills, thread, blacking, books, paper, pencils, matches, English china tea-sets, cards of fine cutlery, and I know not what else, so crammed was his glass counter. Before coming in, he stuck his cigar behind one ear, and on his stooping down, I perceived a tooth-pick projecting from the other.

The way customers call street-venders is worth noticing and imitating. You step to the door, or open a window, and give utterance to a short sound resembling *shir*—something between a hiss and the exclamation used to chase away fowls; and it is singular to what a distance it is heard. If the person is in sight, his attention is at once arrested: he turns and comes direct to you, now guided by a signal addressed to his eyes—closing the fingers of the right hand two or three times, with the palm downward, as if grasping something—a sign in universal use, and signifying, "Come." There is here no bawling after people in the streets; for in this quiet and ingenious way all classes communicate with passing friends or others with whom they wish to speak. The custom dates, I believe, from classical times.

The Custom House adjoins the Merchants' Exchange, and at this part of Dereita-street passengers have to run a muck through piles of bales, barrels, packages, crates, trucks, and bustling and sweating negroes. Here are no carts drawn by quadrupeds for the transportation of merchandise. Slaves are the beasts of draught as well as of burden. The loads they drag, and the roads they drag them over, are enough to kill both mules and horses. Formerly few contrivances on wheels were used at the Custom House. Every thing was moved over the ground by simply dragging it. A good deal of this kind of work is still done. See! there are two slaves moving off with a cask of hardware on a plank of wood, with a rope passed through a hole at one end, and the bottom greased or wetted! Such things were a few years ago very common.

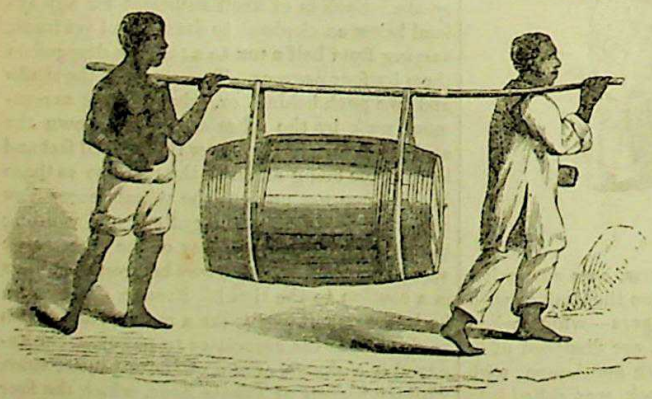
Trucks in every variety are now numerous. Some recent ones are as heavily built and ironed as brewers' drays, which they resemble, furnished with winches in front, to raise heavy goods. Each is of itself sufficient for any animal below an elephant to draw; and yet loads, varying from half a ton to a ton, are dragged on them by four negroes. Two strain at the shafts and two push behind, or, what is quite as common, walk by the wheels and pull down the spokes. It is surprising how their naked feet and legs escape being crushed, the more so as those in front can not prevent the wheels every now and then sinking into the gutters, and whirling the shafts violently one way or the other. One acts as foreman, and the way he gives his orders is a caution to the timid. From a settled calm he in a moment rages like a maniac, and seems ready to tear his associates to pieces. The annexed is a sketch of one of those trucks, laden with ten barrels of Trieste flour, which the four slaves thus brought over a mile to the Cattete.

SLAVES WITH A TRUCK WAGON.

Two negroes passed me one day with a huge cask of oil suspended from a pole resting on their shoulders. The poor fellow in the rear stumbled and fell—I thought he had been killed. His companion, instead of pitying him, turned the very image of rage—screamed, swore, shook his fist, walked round the prostrate slave, and yelled till a crowd gathered round him.

A TRUCK.

With a friend I went to the Consulado, a department of the Customs having charge over exports. Gangs of slaves came in continually with coffee for shipment. Every bag is pierced and a sample withdrawn while on the carrier's head, to determine the quality and duty. The tariff, based on the market price, is regulated every Saturday. At present the duty amounts to eleven per cent. on coffee and seven on sugars. The instrument used to withdraw samples of coffee is a brass tube, cut precisely like a pen. The point is pushed in at the under side of the bag, and the berries pass through the tube. A handful is abstracted. On withdrawing the instrument, its point is drawn over, and closes the opening. The operation occupies but a few seconds. The samples amount to some tons in a year. They, with those of exported sugars, are given to the Lazaretto.



BEARING AN OIL CASK.

Every gang of coffee-carriers has a leader who commonly shakes a rattle, to the music of which his associates behind him chant. The load, weighing 160 lbs., rests on the head and shoulders, the body is inclined forward, and the pace is a trot, or half run. Most are stout and athletic, but a few are so small and slightly-made that one wonders how they manage to keep up with the rest. The average life of a coffee-carrier does not exceed ten years. In that time the work ruptures and kills them. They have so

COFFEE-CARRIERS.

much a bag, and what they earn over the sum daily required by their owner they keep. Except four or five, whose sole dress was short canvas shirts, without sleeves, all were naked from the waist upward and from the knees below; a few had on nothing but a towel round the loins. Their rich chocolate skins shone in the sun. On returning some kept up their previous chant, and ran as if enjoying the toil; others went more leisurely, and among them some finely-formed and noble looking fellows stepped with much natural grace.

Dining one day at T——'s, in the city, a gang of fourteen slaves came past, with enormously wide but shallow baskets on their heads. They were unloading a barge of *sea-coal*, and conveying it to a foundry or forge. The weight each bore appeared equal to that of a bag of coffee (160 lbs.) This mode of transporting coal has one advantage over ours, since the material is taken directly from the vessel to the place where it is to be consumed. In the narrow streets of Rio it could not be dumped from carts: it would block up the thoroughfare, and therefore it is not allowed. But as with coal, with every thing; when an article is once mounted on the head of

COAL-CARRIERS.

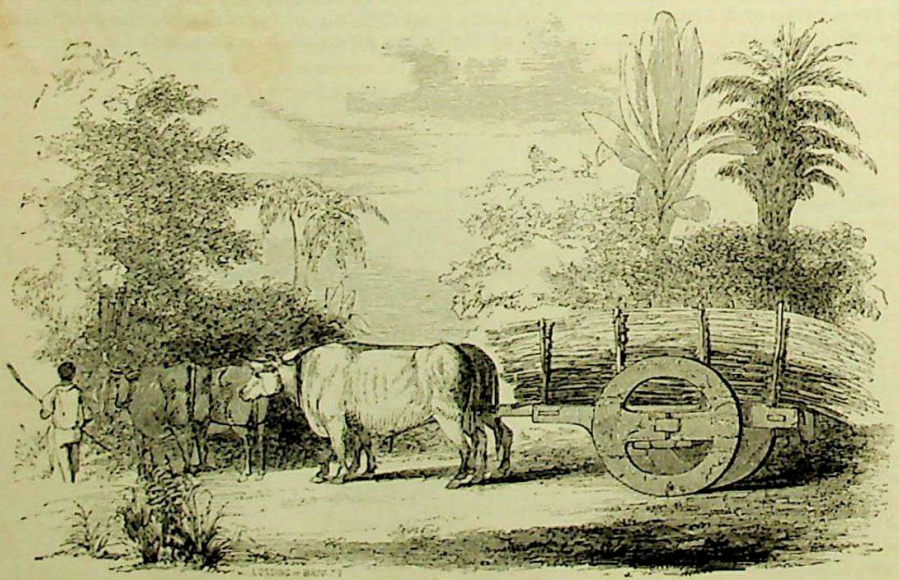
COAL-CARRIERS ASLEEP.

a negro, it is only removed at the place where it is to remain.

A couple of slaves followed the coal-carriers, each perspiring under a pair of the largest-size blacksmith's bellows—a load for a horse and cart with us. A week before I stood to observe *eight* oxen drag an ordinary wagon-load of building stone for the Capuchins up the steep castle-hill; it was straining work for them to ascend a few rods at a time; now I noticed similar loads of stone discharged at the foot of the ascent, and borne up on negroes' heads.

No wonder that slaves shockingly crippled in their lower limbs should be so numerous. There waddled before me, in a manner distressing to behold, a man whose thighs and legs curved so far outward that his trunk was not over fifteen inches from the ground. It appeared sufficiently heavy, without the loaded basket on his head, to snap the osseous stems, and drop between his feet. I observed another whose knees crossed each other, and his feet preternaturally apart, as if superincumbent loads had pushed his knees in instead of out. The lamplighter of the Cattete district exhibits another variety. His body is settled low down, his feet are drawn both to one side, so that his legs are parallel at an angle of thirty degrees. The heads of Africans are hard, their necks strong, and both being perpendicular to the loads they are called to support, are seldom injured. It is the lower parts of the moving columns, where the weights are alternately thrown on and off the jointed thighs and legs, that are the weakest. These necessarily are the first to give way under excessive burdens; and there are examples of their having yielded and broken down in every imaginable direction.

Even the wagons and oxen are not without interest. The former are Portuguese, Spanish, mediæval, and classical. Their construction is the same as those made by old Grecian and Roman wheelwrights. The axletree is invariably fastened to the wheels, and consequently turns with them. The latter are made of two, sometimes three, thick slabs, commonly five feet in diameter, four inches thick at the periphery, and between seven and nine at the centre, where they receive the squared and tapered ends of the axle. Two journals are formed on the axle just within the wheels, by making six or eight inches of the timber round and smooth, to receive two forked pieces, or inverted plummet-blocks of hard wood, secured to the bottom or underside of the wagon body. The axles are generally of rosewood, which appears to be the hickory of Brazil. But the most singular feature of these carriages is that they are all musical, giving out

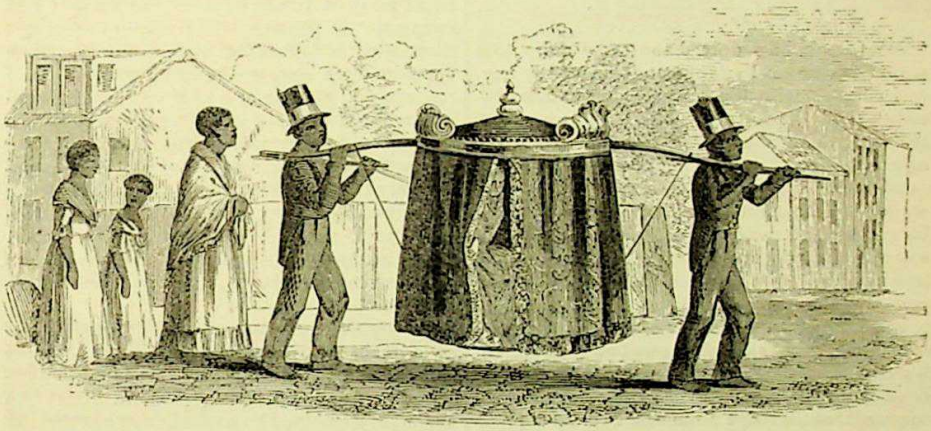


BRAZILIAN CART.

an incessant moaning, more or less soft or sharp, and broken by every jolt or depression in the road. This arises from the friction of the forked piece on the journals; it is modified but not destroyed by grease, nor is the noise unpleasant. There is no saw-filing, teeth-drilling, or flesh-creeping power in it. In a neighboring province I met twelve wagons laden with cane, as in the illustration, on their way to the Engenho, and heard them for several miles before they came up. Every one had a tone of its own, and the mingling of the whole was not ungrateful. To the animals in the shafts it is said to be as delightful as to the drivers, both of whom it enlivens in their labors.

Every planter has a shop for making his own wagons. They are well put together, and seem to justify the opinion that no spoked-wheel carriage can go through the same rough work. Cervantes, the most graphic portrayer of Spanish life, throws Sancho into a swoon of fear by the creaking of the same kind of wagon in the dark. But the oxen frequently seen in these wagons both in the city and country, are such as would make glad the hearts of our farmers. Allied to the buffalo of India, nobler-looking creatures are not to be found.

Had custom not prevented ladies from promenading the streets, they could not indulge the exercise with any degree of comfort. The thoroughfares of few cities are less adapted for it than those of Rio. Their contracted width, the danger from wheels of trucks and carriages, imperfect sidewalks, and sometimes none at all; to say nothing of the indecencies of blacks, and the offensive condition of places bordering on thoroughfares—the Gloria beach for example, and worse still, that facing the palace and palace-square—are enough to keep the sex in-doors. In suburban avenues ladies can air themselves, but not in the city. They have less inducements than with us to appear abroad. To the attractions of shopping they are strangers. If an article is wanted which the street-peddlers have not, a note is sent by a slave to a store, and samples are returned by him to choose from.

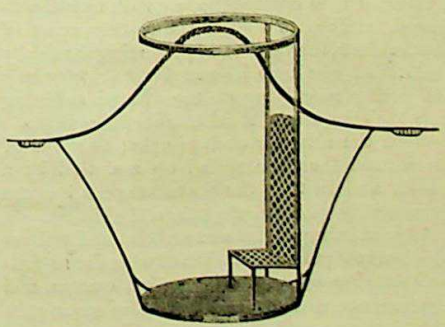


BRAZILIAN SEDAN.

When a lady has occasion to visit the business part of the city, a carriage or a *cadeirinha* is called. The latter is a sedan. All are built on the same plan, and differ only in ornament. *Cadeira* is the Portuguese word for chair, and *cadeirinha* is literally "little chair." They are derived from the *sella gestatoria* of Rome, probably fac-similes, and are infinitely more elegant and commodious than the old English box or Opera hand-barrow chair.

I entered one to examine its construction. The annexed figure represents the skeleton. On an elliptical board, 30 inches by 20, a high-backed chair is fixed, the rails of which extend up to a hoop of the form and dimensions of the base. The curved pole is connected to the base by small iron rods as represented.

The two bearers of a *cadeirinha* never go in a line; the one at the rear is always more or less to the right or left of his leader. This is easier for themselves and the person they carry. They do not stop to rest, but shift the load occasionally from one shoulder to the other as they proceed—not by actually changing their position with regard to it, but transferring the pressure, by a stout walking-stick thrown over the unoccupied shoulder, and passed under the pole. I met one with a dome of polished leather and a gilt dove on it, the curtains highly embroidered;



the ends of the poles were brass or gilt lions' heads. It was a private one. The slaves that bore it were in a flaming livery. The lady's colored maids walked behind, as in the accompanying sketch.

Sometimes a *cadeirinha* is sent out without its owner. I saw one of a blue color, all but covered with gold embroidery; a broad engrailed band of Cordovan went round the top; two elegant horns or finials arose in front and rear, and on the convex roof a silver or silver-gilt eagle stood. The curtains were drawn aside, exposing the chair within, and upon it an enormous bouquet, a present from the owner of the sedan, the value of which was augmented by this complimentary mode of transmitting it.

OUR LADY OF THE GOOD VOYAGE.

My friend and I agreed to devote a day to a mountain isle on the opposite side of the bay, and close in with the shore, between San Domingo and the fort of Santa Cruz, a view of which is delineated in the frontispiece to this article. From the city it looks no larger than a good-sized haystack, which it resembles. It is sacred to the protectress of seamen, having been dedicated, with the church that crowns it —yon small white patch on its summit—some two hundred years ago, to "Nossa Senhora da Boa-Viagem," a lady to whose providence Brazilian and Portuguese sailors committed and commit themselves, make vows to and call upon her when in peril, just as ancient navigators dealt with Neptune and Oceanus. Having had a prosperous voyage from the States, a pious relative says I ought to go.

We crossed the bay in a small steamer, whose pilot was a Mozambique slave, and landed at San Domingo, where the gate-keeper or ferry-master was, or had been, another. Both were tall, middle-aged, and as finely formed men as I ever saw—the latter particularly. He had no more of the negro lineaments than had Mark Antony or Cato. But both had indelible marks of their Barbaric origin—one a double, the other a single row of pimples, the size of peas, down the middle of the forehead and along the ridge of the nose, to its very tip—the signs of their native tribes. The Mozambiques are among the best of slaves. Equally intelligent and more pacific than the Minas (from the Gold Coast), faithful and trustworthy, they bring a high price. A gentleman who crossed the bay with us had witnessed, while on a visit to the eastern coast of South Africa, the process of producing the fleshy beads. At one time he saw forty or fifty lads and young men lying on the ground suffering from the operation. A minute incision is made through the skin for each pimple; the lips of the wound then are pulled up and tied by a thread, and in time the protuberances become permanently globose, smooth, and shining.

After skirting round a mountain, and following a narrow pathway darkened with dense foliage towering over us, with coffee, orange, and banana trees, and chacaras concealed among the exuberant vegetation, we came plump on the beach in the rear of the Sacred Isle, which was now between us and the city, as represented in the frontispiece to this article. A strip of sand connects it at low tides with the opposite shore, and on it a stone causeway has been built; but the whole is broken down and dispersed by the surf, save part of an arch projecting from the precipitous face of the isle. The tide was coming in, and we had to retreat. My companion hallooed, and presently a naked yellow boy came over in a leaky canoe, which could take only one of us across at a time. The only craft belonging to the place, it was hardly creditable to the patroness of watermen.

While my companion was being paddled over, I had an opportunity of observing a very interesting fact in physics. The ridge of sand just mentioned is formed by waves rolling in from opposite directions, and meeting there. While reclining on a stone at a spot where their force was reduced almost to nothing, the tiny surges crossed each other, and continued on their way without having their forms or movements apparently the least affected. One swept over the other, while each preserved its outline and progress as if no such contact had taken place. The shallow transparent fluid, and the almost snow-white sand below, rendered their movements distinctly visible.

Young Charon returned, and I joined H—— on a rock, in which notches were cut for the feet and hands to mount it. By careful climbing we got into a zig-zag path, at places too steep for any biped to ascend, had not the soil been cut into steps, with stakes driven in for risers. The only passage up, it presents one of those cases where a few determined spirits could keep an army at bay, or children put bold men to flight. As we rose, we found preparations made to test the latter. We came to a stone door-way. To pass by it without wings was impossible, and within it stood a sentinel with musket and fixed bayonet. He was supported by a comrade in a military cap, blue round-about, a cartridge-box at his side, and a brass-handled sword in his hand. Neither of these warriors exceeded four feet in height, nor ten years of age! One, I perceived at a glance, was an Indian. What all this meant I could not divine, nor find breath to ask. They made way for us, and we passed through—two sweating, panting, broken-winded pilgrims, pressing onward to the shrine above.

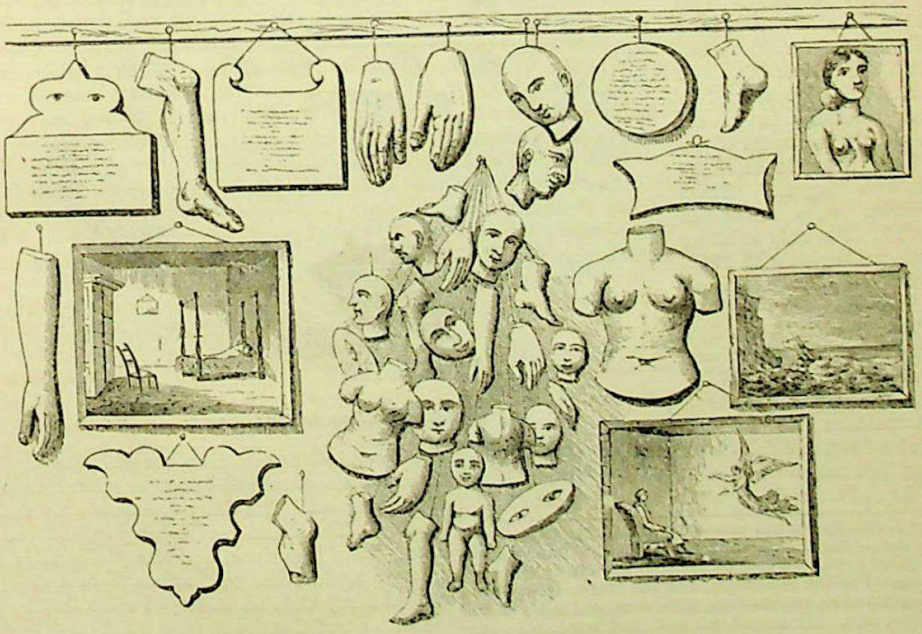
Tacking this way and that, we at length stopped to rest, when H—— told me that the place had been little visited by devotees of late years, and that the Government had established a school on it for a hundred boys, to be educated for marines. The governor was his old army acquaintance. Starting again, we approached the top of this immense rock, came to a low dwelling, and observed the church a little farther up. The governor and his amiable family received us both as old acquaintances. Being a widower, his mother takes charge of his children. The old lady, with spectacles on nose, but

no cap on her gray head, was busy with her needle. The house, of one story, is cool, comfortable, and wholly void of ornament. After taking a draught of sugar and water, H—— entered into conversation with our venerable hostess in true Brazilian style. As his tongue rattled on, his arms were here, there, and every where; he frowned, smiled, and grinned successively; his voice, now a whisper, next a shout; his eyeballs rolling to and fro as if alarmed, like distracted people at the windows of a house on fire; his whole system was in commotion, and in an instant calm as a statue. He wound up with placidly drawing forth his *caixa de rapé*, and begging his smiling auditress to take a pinch. He had merely been relating some common-place city news.

We found the little church open. A contemporary of that on Gloria Hill, every thing about it reminds one of former times. Almost the entire structure, as well as its images and ornaments, came from Portugal. For want of repairs, both stone and wood work are going to decay. The Lady Patroness is neglected too. No priest lives here to wait on her, and only at long intervals does one appear. Her glory is waning with her walls. The "noble brotherhood" once devoted to her service has been long extinct. Even the records of her former greatness are no more.

The low walls support a rather high roof, whose converging sides are truncated, leaving the interior like the lower half of the letter A. Entering the old-fashioned door, the hat of a tall man would touch the ceiling of a little gallery stretching overhead. Here were marine subjects—ships tossing on the ocean, and our Lady in the clouds watching them. Advancing, we found the side walls set off with Dutch tiles, and the ceiling covered with paintings of shipwrecks and the miraculous rescue of drowning sailors; of Portuguese in conflict with Mohammedans; the marriage of the Virgin; the mother of the mother of God and her husband teaching the mother of God to read; an emblematic fountain, in which the Virgin holds the infant Christ, from whose toes and fingers issue streams of water into an overflowing vase; while men gaze and crowd to catch the falling drops. Here are three altars, with their appurtenances. Over the chief one "Our Lady of the Good Voyage" presides. She is only thirty inches high, yet far too large for the ship she stands on. Though inclosed in glass, her garments and the Baby's are faded and colorless. Of the candles before her none are lit—all look yellow, as if they had been years on duty, that tall one in front excepted. It is white, clean, and distinguished farther by a red ribbon tied round the middle. "That," said the governor, "was sent here yesterday from a woman whose husband is at sea—an offering on his behalf." A few days since, another female sent over eight pounds of wax, to secure the safe return of her son from Pernambuco.

One of the lesser shrines is dedicated to Santa Rita, the other to Santa Clara. Neither of these ladies are over twenty inches in stature, and not being inclosed, are left to take their chance with less sacred wood-work. They are destitute and perishing. Every thing is on a small scale, as well as the images. A preacher in the box-pulpit could, with an ordinary coach-whip, administer discipline to every sinner in the congregation.



EX VOTOS.

Now let us, in passing out, take a glance at the collection of old *ex votos* at the right and left of the entrance. Here hang bunches of waxen legs, arms, feet, hands, paps, breasts, heads, eyes, entire abdomens, &c., all of natural dimensions. A votive tablet records that Justina de Araujo Silva had a cancer on one eye, and was miraculously cured by "N. S. da Boa-Viagem." A monstrous tumor is represented in lively colors bleeding on a waxen abdomen—another great cure wrought by her. A tablet has a foundering ship portrayed on it, and tells us she was overtaken by a hurricane, when the crew called on the Lady of this church, and she saved all. The vessel was trebly guarded from evil in her name: "Santa Anna, San Antonio, and E Almas!" This small board declares that the female who offered it was long afflicted with a pain in her side, and she was in danger of making a voyage to the other world. She came here to consult our Lady, and was healed. One more, dated 1756, has a painting on it of a man sick in bed, and our Lady in a corner of the room, telling him to rub the diseased parts with oil taken from the lamp then burning before her, in this very place. He followed the advice, rose a sound man, and hung up this tablet as a testimony of his gratitude and of the miracle.*

We next were shown into the Sacristry. Two lads came in and opened drawers of the old bureau to look for something. In one lay loose leaves of an early volume in manuscript: "Accounts of the Nobre Irmanda de N. S. da Boa-Viagem." Some entries were dated in 1719. The only existing volume begins with 1769, and closes, without being filled, in 1818. In other drawers were the Lady's linen and holiday dress, one or two old purple silk gowns, and embroidered stomachers for herself, and a frock and frills for the infant; a large pill-box held their crowns and three or four *splendores*—i.e., silver or tin rays attached to wires to stick them on the head. Quite a number of curious old pictures hang on the walls. One, three feet by two, represents the Birth of the Virgin. Saint Anna is in bed, her husband in an arm-chair near her, and half a dozen women washing the new-born child, making posset, &c. Every canvas is ready to drop from its frame—nearly eaten out by ants. Strange, that one who can rescue sinking ships and seamen, cure colics, cancers, and other ills, should not, by a small miracle, keep her own place here in better order, and save it, as well as souls, from perishing.

As characteristic a thing as any, is the Lavatory. In city vestries this is generally of sculptured marble; here it is of chinaware, and exhibits in a striking light the piety of ancient mariners voyaging from the Indies. Every piece was a gift to the Lady of the place.—

VOTIVE OFFERINGS OF CHINA-WARE.

The ewer has been a soup tureen; the wash-basin, an octagonal salad-bowl or other member of a dining-set. Auxiliary ornaments are from tea-sets. The manner of arranging and combining them is curious, and the whole affair is unique: against the wall arises from a step a conical fancy slab, its scolloped sides terminating with a trefoil at the apex, some six feet high. It is not of stone, but stucco. Four feet up is

* A strictly parallel case may as well be given from Gruter:—One Lucius was sick of a pleurisy, and applied to Esculapius, to whom he had great devotion. The god appeared to him in a dream, and told him to take ashes from his altar, mingle them with wine, and apply them to his side. He obeyed, got well, and hung up in the temple an acknowledgment of the miraculous cure.

the tureen, of which one-third nearly has been buried in the mortar to sustain the two-thirds projecting from it. The plaster has been scooped out to allow the cover to be removed. In front of the vessel a hole is drilled to receive a faucet —at present filled with a cork. Below is the basin, fixed in the same way. Then, all over the remaining parts of the slab are embedded tea and coffee-cups, saucers, teapot-lids, plates, preserve-dishes, &c., of porcelain, with the painted sides outward. Parts of vessels are stuck in where whole ones could not be. I counted a dozen cups, four plates, between thirty and forty saucers, all whole; besides full as many broken pieces. Placed outside of a building it would be taken as the sign of crockery on sale within.

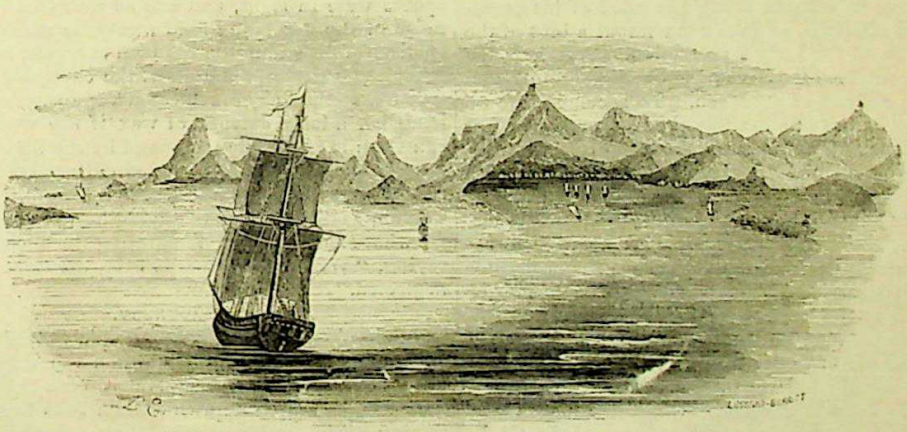
The little cinerary vase at the foot is modern: it is made of polished rosewood, and contains the ashes of a child, with the touching inscription: "T. d'Amor P."—"Testimonial of a Father's Love."

By a flag-staff near the church a couple of Liliputian sentries paraded. Others were sweeping paths with bunches of leaves. Several Indians are among them, chiefly tamed ones from Jesuit settlements. The authorities pick them up wherever they can, and send them down to the marine and naval schools here. They are said to make good seamen. It was asserted that the aborigines, wild and tame, have little regard for their children—often selling them for cachaça-rum; and that their offspring care nothing for their parents. To illustrate this, the governor called, at my suggestion, a little fellow from the vicinity of the Amazon. In reply to interrogatories he told us his father was dead, and he wanted to go to his mother.

We now ascended the roof to get an uninterrupted view of the bay and ocean—of the city and surrounding scenery; and such a prospect! The sea, a sheet of silver; not a ruffle on the glistening bay to divert attention from its emerald isles and verdant shores, nor a cloud on the smiling face of heaven. It was like a scene in Eden. I shall not attempt to describe it, nor to portray the buoyancy of mind and feeling, approaching to ecstasy, which it inspired.

Not till now did I perceive the relative positions of the famous peaks in the vicinity of Rio: the Sugar-Loaf, Two Brothers, Gavia, Corcovado, and Tejuco. But here they were ranged before us in such bold outlines, that I could not resist the impulse to sketch them; and the rather, as no such view, I understand, has been taken, notwithstanding its conveying so clear an idea of the physical features of the country, including even a large portion of Brazil. Instead of hills and dales, plains and valleys, it presents an endless succession of mountains, rocks, and ravines.

The point on the extreme left is the site of the

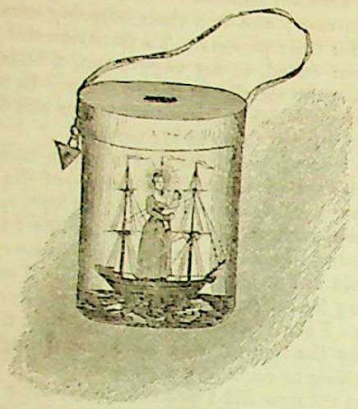


VIEW IN THE HARBOR OF RIO JANEIRO

Fort of Santa Cruz. Outside of the harbor's mouth are Razee and Rond Islands. In the range are seen the Sugar-Loaf, the Two Brothers, Gavia, Corcovado, Tejuco, the Isle of Villegagnon, &c., with part of the city, about five miles off, and the shipping at the extreme right.

In a garret over the vestry, used as a school-room, were among the obsolete apparatus two wooden friars, about two feet high, fixed on a base, and pointing to a perpendicular slit in a board between them. A short tin tube proceeds from the breast of each. The governor thought it was an ancient weather-indicator: and that when fair, the shaven crowns were exposed; when wet, the cowls, which moved on joints, were raised to shield them from the rain. Probably a modification of the old popular toy of a man and woman in a box: when the sun is out she appears, but when a storm is brewing she goes in and sends her partner forth.

Here was also an alms-box, worn out in service. It is of an oval form, made of tin plate, provided with a lock, ornamented with a picture of the Lady of the Good Voyage, and with a strap to pass over the neck of the collector, when he started forth to receive contributions from her friends among the shipping, and from others on the city shore. It is rusted through and through.



ALMS-BOX

After dining with our excellent host we took our leave. We passed the Indian child who longed for his mother. He was armed with a sword, and acted as guard. Having to wait for the steamer, we noticed theatrical and other bills posted on the ferry-house walls, Esmola-boxes, to receive contributions for the saints, &c. It was near dark ere we reached the city, and concluded this delightful pilgrimage of a day.

The Church of Boa-Viagem is, in some respects, well located. No vessel can enter or leave the harbor without passing it. No votary comes in without being reminded of his promised offerings, or goes out without a hint of the value of the Lady's protection. Still, it is too distant from the city and anchorage-ground, and too difficult of approach. To accommodate all who do not like to cross the bay, or from other causes find it inconvenient to go so far, an office is opened in the city, in Saint Luzia's Church, where the Lady of Navigators has an altar and an Esmola-box. In other churches, also, she is invoked by those who wish to secure safe passages over seas, for themselves or friends, and to receive the acknowledgments of such as she has saved from hurricanes and lee-shores. Many a ton of wax, and the sails of hundreds of vessels have been offered to her on the island; but the business is now almost entirely done in the city.

In conversation one evening, a lady (Doña S——) told me that she came from Rio Grande in 1816 in one of her father's vessels. The passage was pleasant till within a day's sail of the Sugar-Loaf. A small cloud then rose rapidly from the horizon; darkness gathered over them; the sea began to swell, and other indications of a storm so alarmed the captain that he called the men aft, and asked them to join him in offering the mainsail to St. Francis de Paula, on condition of his carrying them safe in. They agreed. Doña S—— remembers them standing round the commander, and with loud voices calling on the saint, reminding him of what they had promised. Each man confirming the gift, so far as his proportion of the cost went. On arriving safe, they paid for a mass, and a few days afterward went to the saint's quarters in procession, barefoot, bearing the sail through the streets, with the captain at their head. The offering was deposited in front of the church. A fair value was put upon it in presence of the priest; the captain laid down the money, and was handed a receipt stating the amount which the pious Commander, Antonia Martimes Bezerra, had paid into the treasury of the saint—the value of his mainsail—in fulfillment of a vow made at the approach of a storm, on such a day, as an acknowledgment of the saint's miraculous interposition in behalf of himself, his ship, and crew.

I was informed that auctions of ship's sails, vowed to saints in stormy weather, were, till recently, quite common in the Largo de St. Francis de Paula, and are not yet obsolete. The captains always bought them in, and not unfrequently the priests had some one to run them up, to prevent their being knocked down too low.

A regular receipt was always given. Similar scenes occasionally took place at St. Antony's Convent; in front of the churches of Sts. José and Sebastian, St. Luzia, and others; but the priests of St. Francis had the greatest run, though this holy man probably never knew the difference between a barnacle and a binnacle.

In coming down from Pernambuco, in 1831, my informant says they had unusually bad weather near the Albrolhos. Three waterspouts were in sight, and one so near that the noise of the ascending fluid was quite audible. Instead of depending on his own energies, and stimulating those of the crew, the captain had recourse to the Lady of the Good Voyage, promising her a large amount of wax if she would run them in alongside her island by the following day, the 4th of April. They did not get in till the 5th, and the Lady lost her reward, the Captain having no idea of paying her, *pro rata*, for what she had done; illustrating the ancient saying, "When the danger is over, the saint is neglected."

ALLELUIA SATURDAY.

"Sabbado de Allelulia." Alleluia Saturday—the end of Lent: the day when the saints throw off their mourning, and the screens before their images are withdrawn—when bells begin to ring again, and *matracas* (their substitutes during Passion Week) are put away for another year, when scores of Judases are torn to pieces, and when the annual consecration of fire and water takes place.

At noon I went to the Paula Church to witness the performances, but found it so dark within and crowded, that I was glad to get into the vestry, where people with bunches of rosemary were waiting to have them aspersed with the new holy water. I subsequently procured a seat in the music-gallery, where, besides the old organ, there were one bass and two kettle-drums, violins, clarionets, French-horns, trumpets, &c., waiting to strike up the moment the ceremonies ended. The process of conse-

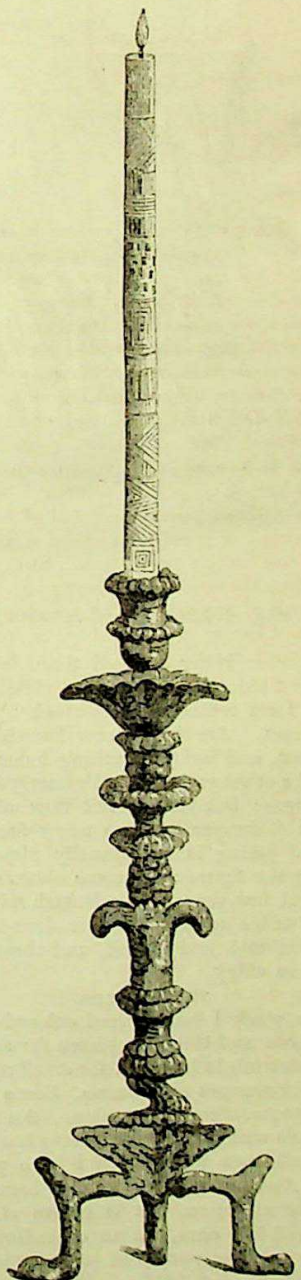
cration was as follows: The baptismal font being filled, the officiating Padre put his hand into or on it, making the sign of the cross in the action. Next he waved three crosses over the surface, in the name of each person in the Trinity, saying: "By this [sign] I bless thee creature water—By the living God [a cross]. By God [a cross] most true—By God [a cross] most holy—By God who in the beginning of the world divided thee from earth." Then he breathed three times upon it, making the sign of the cross in the act of blowing, and exclaimed each time, "The virtue of the Holy Ghost descend upon this water." He dropped oil from a minute vial crosswise on it, and dipped the vial itself in, saying, "The infusion of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the Holy Ghost is made in the name of the most Holy Trinity." He then took a portion of the water up and threw it toward the four quarters of the earth. When he got through, the attending officials sprinkled themselves and the spectators near them.

Water being thus made holy, it was employed in the consecration of fire. The *cirio*, or "Great Paschal Candle," a very large and elaborately ornamented one, is the principal object in this ceremony. I wonder the Church on these occasions does not follow the universal practice of antiquity in both hemispheres, and introduce new fire—draw it direct from the sun by lenses; from wood by the friction of two sticks, or produce it afresh from flint and steel. Instead of this, the custom is to prepare three *triune* candles, each consisting of three tapers longitudinally united, to represent the unity of the Godhead in a trinity of persons. One is placed near the entrance, another half-way to, and the third at the altar. They are lit, and all others carefully extinguished.

The priest takes the *cirio*, and with the usual ceremonies baptizes it at the font. He drops chrism and baptismal oil from vials on the water; breathes three times over it, not crosswise now, but as if forming with his breath the letter Y. He dips the lower end of the *cirio* a little in, raises it, and plunges it farther down, a third time, and it reaches the bottom of the font. Each movement is accompanied with similar expressions to those used in sanctifying the water. It now is lit at one of the triune tapers and placed by the side of the High Altar, where the other lights are kindled at its flame.

After baptism the Litany of the Saints was said, and then mass, as on Palm Sunday. When the officiating Padre came to the words, "Allelulia, allelulia, allelulia," the bells struck up a merry peal, music in the gallery burst forth, screens before the images dropped, also others concealing lights that had meanwhile been kindled at the *cirio*, and the building, hitherto almost dark, is instantaneously illumined, and resounds with chants of, "God is risen from the dead;" "Allelulia is come;" "Lent is finished." Every face is radiant with smiles, and the day is spent in pleasure. Now the *agoa-benta* basins are replenished, and families send bottles and tumblers to be filled to sprinkle their children and friends. Some preserve the fresh liquid as a preservative against many complaints. Boys with sprigs of rosemary were already in the church passages and outside, sportively aspersing people with it.

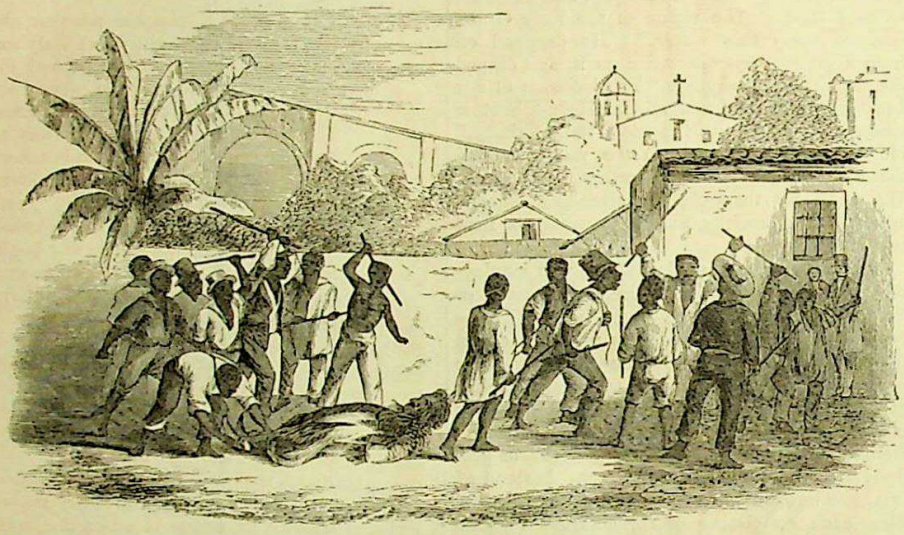
The Padres of the various city churches wait for a signal from the Imperial Chapel where the Bishop officiates. As soon as he arrives at the "Allelulia," rockets are sent up. Priests con-



PASCHAL CANDLE.

trive to be near that part of the service, and ready, on hearing the guns, to utter the joyful words. Guns in the forts answer the rockets; men-of-war in the bay reciprocate, and every bell then peals merrily.

On returning, I stepped into the Imperial Chapel. The *cirio* was standing in an antique fashioned candlestick of silver, four feet or more high. The candle was about the same length, four inches in diameter, and beautifully painted over its entire surface. The figure given is from a sketch taken at the time. Upon leaving, I fell in with half a dozen negroes carrying live turkeys with blue ribbons on their necks. They were "Allelulia presents." Gobbling innocents are as much in demand now as in New England on "Thanksgiving Day." Next I overtook a band of youthful devotees—blacks and whites—hoarse with uttering comminations on the fallen Apostle, perspiring and exhausted with punishing him. These young zealots were "killing Judas." The annexed illustration conveys a



KILLING JUDAS.

correct idea of this "act of devotion," as it is called.

One, after being dragged through mud and mire, and thrashed and stoned till little like a human form remained, was stuck up in Hospicio-street. Another I saw hanging from a lamp-post, and before reaching home I passed the limbs of several more. Formerly Judas was burnt here; but this is not now allowed on account of danger from so many fires. Some practical joking is occasionally played off by dressing the figure after some obnoxious character. A few years ago, a British minister, on account of his opposition to the slave-trade, was thus exhibited, and stoned, and thrashed, and hanged in effigy.

THE INTRUDO.

For a week I had noticed colored balls exposed here and there on plates for sale. The green ones might be taken for small apples, the yellow for oranges and lemons. Some are formed like pears, others like melons. An acquaintance made with some this morning has banished the indifference with which I have passed by them. Another article has also been pressed upon my attention. It is native *starch*, not granulated like ours, but an exceedingly white and fine powder, put up in paper cylinders six inches long, and half an inch in diameter. When used, one end is opened, and the contents shaken out.

While sitting at breakfast, S—— passed behind J——'s chair, and, to my amazement, emptied a couple on his head and shoulders. The operation was performed so quietly, and the dust fell so lightly, that he knew not what was going on till a handful was applied to his face and ears. He sputtered, sprang up, and, half-blinded, was saluted with liquid shots from a long-necked cologne-bottle. Half in anger, and amid much laughter, he made a quick retreat, dressed, and went to the city.

While wondering what this could mean, a particle or two dropped from my forehead. Raising a hand, I found my own hair had also been powdered—a discovery that elicited a general screech. I rose to decamp, but this had been foreseen, and the only door through which escape was possible was locked. Now beset by a host of female foes, I dodged and ran till well-nigh exhausted, in trying to evade incessant volleys of starch and water. At length I protested if the unrighteous war was continued I must and would come to close quarters, and, *vi et armis*, capture and play their own ordnance upon them. This was received with fresh peals of merriment and fresh broadsides; but, at last, an armistice, to endure through the day, was

INTRUDO SPORTS.

agreed on. I now was told that *the Intrudo* begins to-morrow, when all classes, in-doors and out, dust and sprinkle one another; and that it is usual to do a little, by way of preface, the day before.

I retired to change my dress, but had not taken five paces ere I was overtaken by a storm of colored balls charged with some liquid similar to those I had noticed in the city. Surprised at this open breach of faith, and at the red and blue fragments with which I was bespattered, I lost no time in reaching my room and securing the door. I took from the shelf an old Portuguese dictionary for information. It derives *Entrudo*, or *Intrudo*, from the Latin, *Introitus*—"Entrance, or Beginning;" and describes the festival as one in which people, like Bacchantes, romp, feast, and dance, and frolic in-doors, and play all manner of tricks out, wetting and powdering one another. Of the origin of the feast—of which I had been treated to a foretaste—I could learn nothing. Neither the Vicar nor any one else appealed to, could impart the smallest glimmer of its history. That it dates back to remote times is admitted.

It may be a question whether the Intrudo and the Carnival of Italy are the same. Though associated with the great Quadragesimal fast, there are striking points of seeming difference. The former in its etymology has no reference to abstinence from butcher's meat, of which the latter is the literal expression. *Carni*, "flesh;" *vale*, "farewell." Carnival time extends from the first of January to the beginning of Lent; whereas the Intrudo occurs in the latter part of February, and lasts but three days, invariably beginning on the Sunday previous to Ash-Wednesday. Moreover, throwing dust and water is its special characteristic, the most conspicuous of its rites.

Intrudo-balls—for so the colored shot are named—instead of fruit, which they resemble, are mere shells of wax filled with water. They are sufficiently tenacious to retain the liquid, to bear gentle handling, and to be thrown to a considerable distance. Like more fatal bombs, they explode when they strike; the wax is shivered, and most of it sticks where it hits. I received a present of specimens of a superior kind formed like bottles or decanters, and decorated with paint and gilding. The necks were closed in imitation of corks sealed over. When used, they are charged with cologne or other scented waters.

This is Intrudo-day. On rising, my friend J—— found the lower extremities of his pants sewed up. It is not unusual to lodge half a dozen balls in each leg, but as he is rather unwell, these singular marks of affection and foot-baths were spared him. In the act of shaking hands I had one or two balls crushed in mine. At breakfast one had his coffee without sugar, another found it sweetened with salt, a third began to pick threads out of his mouth, which caused a shout of laughter; of two plates of toast, fine thread had been drawn through and through every piece, so that the teeth became unavoidably entangled in the meshes. Some foreign merchants came up, on their way to the Botanic Garden. T—— invited them in. The simpletons! Their riding-costumes were soon like bathing-dresses. One got out without his

INTRUDO BALLS AND BOTTLES.

hat, and actually rode off, bareheaded! He returned in the afternoon with a slave bearing a large basket of the cereal missiles, and quietly entering the rear, repaid his foes with interest.

The Vicar came, and was saluted with cologne; they spared his *sutain* the infliction of the starch. He mentioned instances where he had been half-drowned after receiving the most solemn pledges that he would not be molested. That I can fully believe; and, turning to some ladies, asked how *they* could, and on a Sunday, too, tell such ——. "O!" they replied, "Intrudo lies are no sin." There is no believing any one while it lasts. The Padre wisely took his departure; he did not dare to stay for dinner lest his rooms should be robbed by friends sending in his name for every valuable in them. Doña F——, by a ruse of this kind, obtained a dozen bottles of porter from J——'s carpenter, who had charge of them. He himself tricked the Vicar last year, and, by the aid of a slave, deprived a friend of a turkey and fowls, upon which the owner and his family dined as guests, without dreaming of having contributed to the feast. It used to be a custom to set before guests joints of wood, pies of sand, custards and puddings of kindred inedibles, dishes out of which leaped frogs, &c. But the Intrudo, like other pomps and processions, is not kept up as formerly.

Senhor R—— rose to depart, but was induced to drop again into his seat, on which a neighbor had slipped a quantity of flour and water balls. He sprang up as these nest-eggs crushed beneath him, while the mischief-loving projectors were in convulsions of laughter. Nor was the tumult one whit lessened by his manner of relieving the part affected. Finding it impossible now to remain, he good-humoredly waved an adieu with one hand, and with the other placed his hat upon his head—and snatched it off again. It had been lined with the current ingredients of the day. Two extremities of his person were now in the condition of Don Quixote's head when he suddenly called for his helmet at an inconvenient moment for Sancho to deliver it.

Retiring to my room for a change of dress, I found a strange lady writing at the table. I paused and addressed her. No answer or motion. I advanced. The intruder was a bolster, furnished with sleeves, skirts, bonnet, shawl, &c., very artistically got up. Opening the drawers, I found the sleeves and neck of every shirt sewed up, and other garments hermetically sealed, so as to require both time and patience to get into them.

Both sexes are expert in calming one after an attack, and throwing him off his guard. Ladies will show their open palms, rub them down their sides, to prove that they have no concealed missiles—sit down by you, express fatigue, and say that a little frolic is well enough, but this excess is foolish, and very vulgar—look innocent as Madonnas, and conclude with, "No more Intrudo." Your suspicions are lulled; but, ten to one, that same moment a couple of waxen wash-balls are applied to your face in the manner of soap and water, and a paper of cassava starch emptied upon you. Your fair enemy springs from you, with a shriek, and your surprise now takes another turn. She draws from her person ball after ball, and paper after paper, till you are ready to conclude she is made of them, or has some machine about her for producing them.

Employing parties on fool's errands is practiced. An unsuspicious person is sent on what he imagines a confidential matter of great moment to his friend—to borrow money, on an emergency, perhaps. The substance of the letter he carries is, "Send the fool to Senhor B——, and ask him to forward by the bearer a like request to others!"

An example has been given of a family being feasted on their own victuals. A Reverend sweet-tooth revenged himself to-day for a similar trick played on him, by indulging largely at a neighbor's table. His hilarity became more enhanced when a splendid cake was brought in and placed before him. With sparkling eyes he cut deep into it; and when three-fourths had disappeared, some hint was dropped which caused him to rise, stand aghast, and pray for patience! The cake—a highly-valued present from a female friend—had been filched from his own larder! To-day another attempt was made, but in vain, to deceive the Ethiopian guardian of his treasures, by sending, as from his Reverence, for a few bottles of choice nectar.

I walked out toward the Passero, and saw only few individuals molested. One gentleman in a new suit received two or three balls, and was quite indignant: he addressed some remarks to me, and pointed to the window whence the shots came. It is useless to get vexed; those who do so are sure to have their anger cooled by a fresh shower.

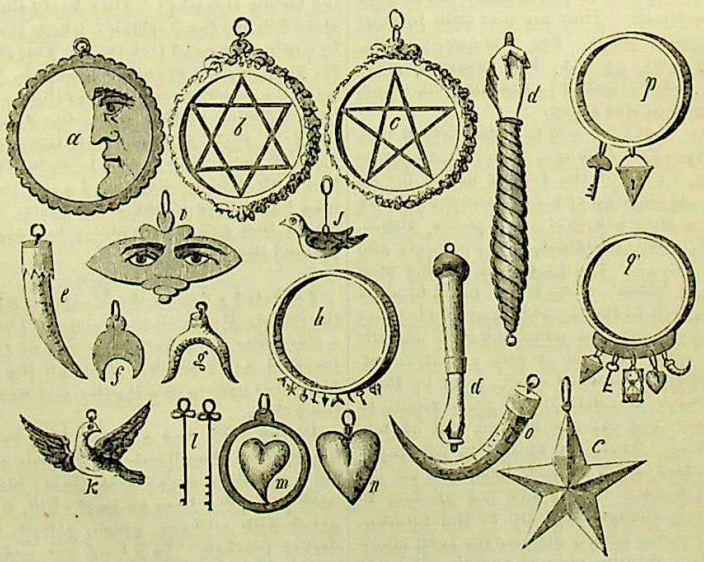
Youths, here and there, were playing with syringes. For some time past I had noticed huge tin implements hanging by the door-posts of "Funileiros," and occasionally met an individual carrying one home. Wondering for what they were made, I stopped one day to examine them. All I could make out from the laughing tinman was, "Two milreis"—the price of one. They were quart and half-gallon Intrudo-squirts. The young black rascals who charge them in gutters seldom molest any except their own color; but white boys use no ceremony in washing the Ethiops. B—— told me of acquaintances who have concealed garden-engines, to salute their friends with. He has one himself, but it is out of order.

The illustration by a Rio artist, copied on page 739, is a fair representation of playing the Intrudo in the street. I saw one negro laden with water from the Carioco Font attacked in precisely the same way. He stumbled, and fell headlong, fortunately without being injured.

On retiring for the night, I could not find the way into bed. The sheets and coverlid had been formed into a sack whose contracted mouth was under the bolster. Relighting the candle, I unraveled the sewing, and finally laid down to rest, heartily tired of the Intrudo, and little thinking what cause I had to be thankful that half a bushel of balls had not been deposited at the foot of the sack.

More or less of classical jewelry is to be found in all the Latin nations: much of it is current in Brazil. Ancient charms and amulets, including the *figa*, are as common as ever they were in Thebes, Athens, Ephesus, or Rome. Although I had repeatedly passed through Silversmith-street, and observed the small perpendicular case hung out against the window or door-post of each shop, it was not till my attention was turned to amulets, that I stopped to examine the contents. They are very much the same from one end of the long street to the other. Besides crosses, crucifixes, crowns, palms, glories, and other little sacerdotal bijouterie, every case contains staple amulets in gold, silver, stone, ivory, &c. In some, these constitute the principal—in all, a prominent item. Specimens are subjoined.

The amulets marked *a*, *b*, *c*, are known as "Signs of Solomon," and are very popular;



AMULETS.

f is another, much worn by children; *d*, *d*, are *figas*—one in gold, the other cornelian. I have seen them of horn, bone, wood, and lead. They are decidedly the chief of amulets, being worn by all classes and all ages, from teething infants to second childhood. They, as well as others, are blessed by priests before being worn; *c* I suppose to be the tooth of some animal; one precisely like it was taken by the police, with other paraphernalia, from an African conjurer; *g* is of coral; the artist explained its virtues, but I did not understand him; *i* represents a pair of eyes; groups of these eyes stare at you from every case, varying in size from those in the illustration to two or three times as large; they are composed of thin strips of gold and silver, struck in dies; and resemble those given out at the Festival of the Protectress of Eyes—St. Luzia. They keep off the evil eye; *k* is a "Dove Amulet;" *l*, *l*, are keys of ancient form, and are quite common; *m* is a *bulla* within a ring; *n* is another form, much worn by children; Minas and Mozambique women sport large ones, and so do most fashionable white ladies; *o* is a cock's spur—also made of brass, tin, silver, &c. In the same case was another amulet, resembling it in form, but much larger; *p* and *q* are rings, with locks, keys, hearts, crescents, hour-glasses, &c., suspended upon them, each having a significance of its own.

Anxious parents protect their children by a number of these preservatives. The device is neither due to modern nor mediæval ingenuity. We find it exemplified in Pharaonic necklaces, and other relics of past epochs. Images of gods, shell-beads, birds, beasts, and scores of symbols were strung round the neck and attached to various parts of the body. The same thing was formerly in vogue in Europe. Finger-rings, decorated in this manner, are in high esteem in Brazil. They are met with in most of the jewelers' shops. Fig. *h* is one; a miniature figa, bulla, padlock, key, crescent, cock-spur, &c., were attached to the one from which the illustration was taken.

Here are necklaces and bracelets which look like charms against hunger rather than against witchcraft. One of the former before me—a gold one—is made up of knives, forks, a padlock and key, a stew-pan, water-jar, plates, dishes, ewer and basin, and twenty other culinary and domestic things. The best work of this kind comes from Bahia. Doña E—— has a bracelet made there, three inches wide, and divided into four compartments, in which kitchen utensils to the number at least of fifty are arranged. All are of gold, attached to the band by loose rings. These bracelets are in great repute in the country, and are not entirely out of date in the cities. There are morals in ear-rings: an hour-glass, worn at each lobe, was an old European fashion. It is not out of date in Brazil. But though kept up in the interior, many city belles have a distaste for such monitors of their fleeting charms and the flight of time. When watches came into vogue, efforts we know were made to secure for them the same favorable regard which the sex had accorded to those primitive chronometers; and, strange as it may seem, ladies then sported real ticking horologes at their ears. For the benefit of those who have never dreamed of trinkets teaching ethics, and are incredulous of the union of piety and fashion in our great-grand-dams, likewise, also, to do justice to the moral and mechanical ingenuity of the old jewelers, I add the following from an old writer:

"The wit of man hath been luxuriant and wanton in the inventions of late years. Some have made watches so small and slight that ladies hang them at their ears like pendants and jewels. The smallness and variety of the tools that are used about these small engines seem to me no less admirable than the engines themselves: and there is more art and dexterity in placing so many wheels and axles in so small a compass, than in making clocks and greater machines; for some French watches do not exceed the compass of a farthing."

Locks and keys were once common auricular pendants, and are still sometimes seen. Doña L——, a lady of my acquaintance, wears the lock at the right ear, and the key at the left. Others have both at each ear. The sentiment embodied in the device is apparent. Thus Othello to Emilia:

> "There's money for your pains;
> I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel."

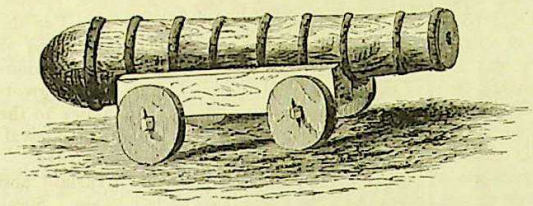
Warburton, not aware that ear-jewels in these forms were once common, makes a mistake worthy of Dogberry himself, in attempting to elucidate the following observation of that learned dignitary: "And also, the Watch heard them talk of one Deformed; they say, *he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it.*" On this the bishop remarks: "They heard the conspirators satirize the Fashion: whom they took to be a man surnamed Deformed. This the constable applies with exquisite humor to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time—the men wearing rings in their ears and indulging a favorite lock of hair, which was brought before and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock.*" Malone has a note to the same effect. I am not aware that any commentator has properly explained the passage.

THE MUSEUM.

I devoted a day to the Museum, which faces the Senate House in the Campo. The Curator, a Carmelite Friar and Professor of Chemistry, received us cheerfully, although the establishment was undergoing repairs, and was closed to the public.

In the yard was a caged king-vulture, the handsomest of accipitrines: his body was cream-color and slate, with roseate tints; his head and neck protruded from an ample frill, were variegated with crimson, green, yellow, and some darker patches. In a long box near him lay snugly coiled a twelve-foot boa, from Minas Province. Close by was a curiosity of another

kind—a mounted cannon, four and a half feet long, three inches bore—composed of two longitudinal slabs of hard and heavy *wood*, strongly



WOODEN CANNON.

bound by numerous wrought-iron wings. It had evidently been used. It was taken from the rebels in Para, during an attempt at revolution there, some eight or nine years ago.

Zoology and ornithology are the chief features of the Museum. The native feline tribes, from the jaguar to the smallest of tiger-cats, are fully represented; so are the quadrumana. One sloth is nearly four feet in length; the rest are less than three. In the brilliant assemblage of birds are representations from every province; including, of necessity, a numerous deputation from those fairies of the forest—humming-birds.

For students of numismatics, here are ancient and modern coins and medals. The collection of minerals is extensive, and a laboratory for the analysis of ores is provided. Some interesting Egyptian antiquities have also been procured.

Native antiquities are few and not of much interest; but this feature of the institution will improve. There are a few embalmed heads from the Amazon. The Tapajos thus preserved the skulls of their enemies, and on special occasions carried them, suspended on the breast, as amulets.

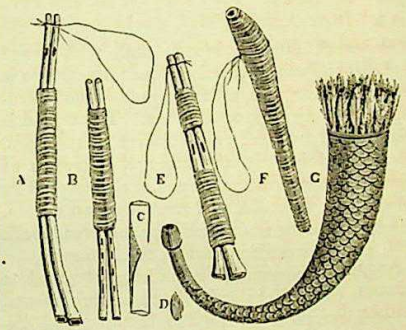
They look horrible enough: worse than New Zealand specimens placed near them. The sockets of the eyes are filled with a dark, resinous matter, in which are embedded small pieces of bone or shell. Into the open mouths are inserted the ends of strong corded loops, and the whole filled flush with cement. A ridge of

EMBALMED HEAD.

black hair remains on the crowns; and at the occiputs considerable quantities adhere. Large and very handsome rosettes conceal the ears, precisely like similar ornaments of ribbon worn by modern ladies.

In one case were specimens of musical instruments. Double flutes were extensively used by the classical ancients; and here they are as constructed by American aborigines. The bones of which they are made are yellow, jagged, and far from inviting to delicate lips. Their tones, however, are singularly soft and mellow.

A represents the largest. Each bone is twelve inches long, and three-eighths of an inch bore. They are united by twine, neatly wound and worked. On the back of the lower parts are finger-holes—shown at B; these were stopped up;

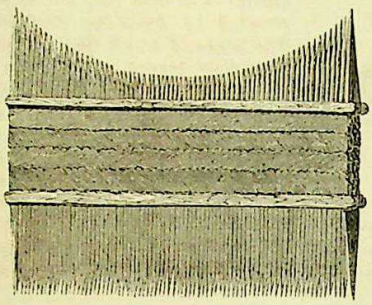


ANCIENT BONE FLUTES AND CAZIQUE'S TRUMPET.

perhaps they were experimental additions of some Brazilian Pronomus. The construction of the sounding, or whistle part, is seen at C; a cone of resinous cement being secured immediately under the orifice, at D. The ridge of cement rises to the centre of the tube. The instrument is played by blowing through the upper end, as in a clarionet. E is a smaller flute, to be blown at either end. F has a swelled wooden mouth-piece, and no side opening. Dual bone flutes, with finger-holes, are yet in use in the northern provinces; besides bamboo-flutes and instruments, with which the voices of wild beasts are imitable with singular accuracy. Single and double flutes of Greece and Rome were of bone. The "Ossea Tibia" was made of the leg-bone of a crane.

A Cazique's trumpet is figured at G. The substance, hard as iron and black as jet, appeared to have been handsomely carved. The diverging orifice is furnished with a double row of scarlet and yellow feathers, which add to its length, and by their vibration probably affected the notes. Through age, they are mostly stripped. While attempting to revive its long silent tones, the deputy curator asked if we knew what it was made of? It was made of the end of an alligator's tail. Rams' horns were the primeval clarions of the East, but no quadruped of South America supplied any thing of the kind; hence these amphibious substitutes.

The next thing was an article of female ingenuity—a comb—in which the teeth, set edgeways, are thin slips of hardwood, uniform in size and shape, and, by means of four transverse pieces, firmly strung together by thread. The



COMB.

needle-work forms a broad band, with raised borders, reflecting waved figures; the whole is smooth and regular, as if woven, and the instrument is strong as modern ones. The thread is round, well twisted, and uniform as silk cord. Its material is from the *macaya*, a species of cocoa, whose fruit produces a shining white fibre, stiffer than silk and stronger than cotton. Specimens of the undressed fibre, of thread made of it, and of stockings, are in the Museum.

Combs of rosewood, sometimes attached to coronals of feathers and other head ornaments, are still common among the Indians, and display both taste and skill in the hands that put them together.

The only sample of ancient native earthenware in the Museum was disinterred between 20 and 30 years ago, on the Praya Flamingo, while digging foundations for a house. The internal diameter at the rim is eighteen inches, the depth

BRAZILIAN BASIN.

six. The thickness of the bottom and sides within exceeds an inch. It was probably used as a caldron, the under side being blackened as with fire. No signs are observable of the wheel in its formation, though the circle is tolerably correct. The material is a grayish yellow clay, and imperfectly burnt. The inside has been profusely decorated. A band of dark red goes round just below the rim, and the rest is covered with complicated lines, that are more like a mass of serpents entangled together than any thing else. Small dots are mingled with them. A light and poor kind of glazing has been put on, of which remains are left. The surface, inside and out, is covered with an infinity of minute cracks, like old teacups thus disfigured. The outside has been colored red; the inside a palish yellow, the ornamental lines brown.

In another case were mills for triturating leaves of a popular plant, of which large quantities were manufactured by the ancient natives; also a couple of philosophical apparatus by which the prepared material was conveyed into dark, tortuous, and precipitous caverns.

Previous to unlocking the case, our courteous attendant opened and gracefully offered his snuff-box—a common Brazilian practice. It reminds one of relators of long or dry stories beginning with lighting a pipe or treating themselves with a pinch. Suppose we imitate them on this occasion.

Modern lovers of the pipe seldom think of the worthies to whom they are indebted for its free enjoyment; and of those who delight in nasal aliment, how few ever call to mind the Diocletian persecutions their predecessors passed through for adhering to their faith in, and transmitting to their descendants, the virtues of tobacco. Europe frowned, and Asia threatened. Pagan, Mohammedan, and Christian monarchs combined to crush them. James I., foaming with rage, sent forth his "Counterblast;" the half savage ruler of the Muscovites followed suit; the King of Persia, Amurath IV. of Turkey, and the Emperor Jehan-Geer, and others, joined the crusade. They denounced death to all found inhaling the fumes of the plant through a tube, or caught with a pellet of it under their tongues. Those who used it as a sternutative only were to be deprived of nostrils and nose. To perfect the miseries of the delinquents, Urban VIII. went in state to the Vatican, where, tremulous with holy anger, he shook his garments, to intimate that the blood of the offenders would be on their own heads, and then thundered excommunication on every soul who took the accursed thing, in any shape, into a church.

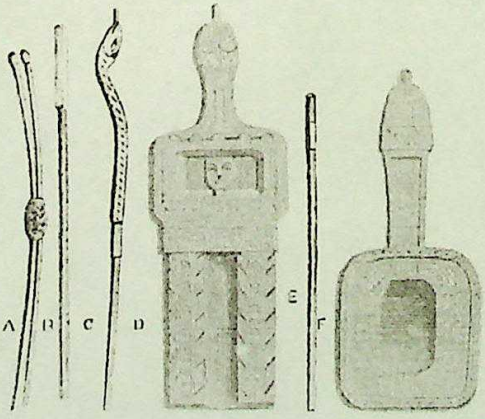
Loss of life for lighting a pipe! Mutilation for taking a pinch! Tortures here, and endless torments hereafter, for a whiff or quid of tobacco! One wonders how the sufferers managed to pass through the fires unscathed, or even to escape annihilation; yet most of them did escape, and they did more—they converted the Nebuchadnezzars who sought to consume them.

What a spectacle! The world in arms against a herb, and anon prostrate before it! Proud rulers worshiping the idol whose admirers they had so fearfully menaced, and lawgivers avowed violators of their own laws. The modes adopted to exterminate the plant increased the demand for it, till it was sought for with an avidity that no penal enactments could suppress. Royal and sacerdotal clamor had extended its consumption ten thousand fold. The tide turned, and all began to praise the magic leaf. Ladies joined their lords in smoking after meals; boys carried pipes in their satchels to school, and at a certain hour pedagogues and pupils whiffed together. Not a bad subject for a painter. Mothers in the sixteenth century filled their sons' pipes early in the morning, to serve them instead of breakfast. People went to bed with cigars or

pipes in their mouths, and rose in the night to light them. All classes became consumers; even priests were not excepted, provided they refrained till after mass. To accommodate travelers, poor and transient persons, *Tabagies*, or smoking-houses, were licensed on the continent in every marine and inland town, where sailors and itinerants of every description could, on moderate terms, be made happy, either by inhaling the vapor of the popular stimulant or tickling their nasal membranes with it. The ambitious sought fame by associating themselves with the introduction of the plant and its cultivation; thence we find it named after cardinals, legates, and embassadors, while in compliment to Catherine de Medicis it was called "the Queen's herb." Kings now rushed into the tobacco trade. Those of Spain took the lead, and became the largest manufacturers of snuff and cigars in Christendom. The royal workshops in Seville are still the most extensive in Europe. Other monarchs monopolized the business in their dominions, and all began to reap enormous profits from it—as most do at this day.

Much has been written on a revolution so unique in its origin, unsurpassed in incidents and results, and constituting one of the most singular episodes in human history; but next to nothing is recorded of whence the various processes of manufacture and uses were derived. Some imagine the popular pabulum for the nose of transatlantic origin—no such thing. Columbus first beheld smokers in the Antilles, Pizarro found chewers in Peru, but it was in the country discovered by Cabral that the great sternutatory was originally found. Brazilian Indians were the fathers of snuff, and its best fabricators. Though counted among the least refined of aborigines, their taste in this matter was as pure as that of the fashionable world of the East. Their snuff has never been surpassed, nor their apparatus for making it.

The following is their milling and sniffing machinery—machinery, we believe, never figured and published before.



ANCIENT BRAZILIAN SNUFF-MILLS.

F is a slab of *jacaranda* (rosewood), ten inches long, of which five are taken up with the handle. The blade is nearly half an inch thick, with a cavity in the middle. The extremity of the handle represents the head of a serpent, with the tongue protruded. E is a cylindrical stick of rosewood, nine inches long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. These two constitute a mill. The owner takes out of a "*chuspa*"—a pouch, commonly slung over his right shoulder—a few pieces of dried tobacco leaf, places them in the cavity, and, grasping the stick, grinds them by rubbing its end to and fro upon them, and in a few moments reduces them to a rich and fragrant snuff; nor is the fragrance wholly due to the substance ground, but to the material of the mill. The heat developed by the friction of two pieces of odorous wood evolves a pleasant aroma, that impregnates the powder.

The article being thus prepared, the next thing is to transmit it to its destination ere it grows cold, or the odor becomes weakened by evaporation. The apparatus for this part of the business is shown at A; it consists of a double tube, consisting of two light cylindrical bones of the wing of a bird, united by thread, having the upper ends tipped with small wooden bulbs. The reader has anticipated the rest: no sooner is the triturating process ended than the pestle or stick is taken down, the plain ends of the tube plunged into the smoking powder, the others inserted into the nostrils, and by a smart inhalation the warm-scented dust is diffused in a trice over the olfactory nerve. D represents another mill, in which the grinding receptacle is in the shape of a gutter running out at the end of the blade; C is an edge view, and B the rubber.

Suspended by a string round the neck, an Indian had this apparatus always at hand. At the back of one or both is an angular recess for the purpose of producing fire by friction—thus uniting in each a snuff-box, mill, and tinder-box.

The modern Indians of Brazil are as fond of snuff as their ancestors; their apparatus for making and taking it are also similar to those described. I have seen neat circular mills from two to five inches across, with short conical and pyramidal pestles or mullers; sniffing pipes also, more portable than those figured. Sometimes three bones are united—one to put into the snuff, connected with two for the nose—just like one suction-pipe serving two pumps.

An ardent enemy to all stimulants, wet or dry, might, after reading the foregoing, be disposed to ask—And has not tobacco avenged, to some extent, the New World for the blood of her children slain by those of the Old—in its Circean effects, physical and moral; in the wealth it has drawn and continues to draw from consumers! All the conquerors have become tainted with the poison; the most ruthless are the most deeply polluted and debased. Formerly the first powers of the earth—now contemptible for their weakness, dissensions, and crimes—slaves to blighting superstitions, to ignorance, poverty, pride, and a poisonous weed.